The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY.

THE LITERARY MOTHER GOOSE.

1. *Maeterlinck.*

Little Boy Bluebird, blow your horn. . . .

2. *Don Marquis, Old Soak.*

Sing a song of sixpence,
A bottle full of rye,
or
Liquory, liquory dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.

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3. *Carl van Vechten.*

"Pussycat, pussycat, where have you been?"
"Over the housetops to look at the queen."

4. *The Author of "Brass."*

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

5. *William Jennings Bryan.*

Old Charlie Darwin and I fell out,
I'll tell you what it's all about.
His monkey-shines I properly shun,
And that's the way the noise begun.

6. *Ibanez.*

I had four hobby horsemen,
And they were dapple gray. . . .

7. *Old King Coleridge.*

Old King Coleridge
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He'd call for his coke
And his opium pipe,
And he'd rush the "Kubla Khan."

8. *Soft Music.*

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"To be wronged in a Hall Caine novel," she said.

9. *P. Best Seller Kyne.*

Peter, Peter, venison eater. . . .

10. *Belles Lettres.*

I do not like thee, Ethel Dell;
The reason why I cannot tell.
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not like thee, Ethel Dell.

11. *The Conradian.*

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for me!

12. *Theodore Dreiser.*

Heigh! rub a dub dub. . . .

13. *H. L. Mencken.*

There was a little man, and he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
An anti-Nietzschean he found in the woods,
And shot him through the head, head, head.

14. *Boni & Liveright.*

Ring-a-ring of Rose Macaulays,
A pocket full of shekels. . . .

15. *Another Publisher.*

Dutton, Dutton, who's got the Dutton?

16. *Floyd Dell.*

Here we go round the briary bush,
The briary bush, the briary bush;
Here we go round the briary bush
On a cold and frosty morning.

17. *Albert Payson Terhune.*

Hark, hark,
The dogs do bark. . . .

18. *Walter de la Mare.*

I had a little midget no bigger than my thumb,
I put her in a novel and the sale is far from bum.

19. *Ernest Thompson Seton.*

There was an old woman who lived in a zoo. . . .

20. *"The Gentleman with a Duster."*

Telltale tit!
Your tongue shall be slit!
And all the people you walloped hard
Shall have a little bit.

21. *The Bilious Critic.*

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said the spider to the fly.

22. *Unlucky Ben de Casseres.*

How many miles to a publisher?
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle light?
Yes, and back again.
If your heels are nimble and light
You may get there by candle light.

• • •

We didn't mean to be as hard on Ben de Casseres, a list of whose unpublished works we received the other day, as that last squib may indicate. Ben can write when he wants to, but too often he doesn't want to. Some one must have told him that a series of classical allusions with a sprinkling of foreign quotations is poetry, for much of Ben's poetry is like that. We recall some of his poems that sound like pages clipped from the *"Classical and Mythological References and Foreign Words, Phrases, &c.,"* section of the dictionary.

When de Casseres forgets that he is supposed to be a poet and writes pieces like his review of James Branch Cabell's "Figures of Earth"—and a peach of a review it was—we are all for him.

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REVIEWETTE.

BACK TO METHUSELAH. By George Bernard Shaw. *Brentano.*

In this interesting volume G. B. S. opens an English branch of the Life Extension Institute.

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K. L. R. writes to suggest that when the Grand Annual Ball and Banquet of the Amalgamated Authors of the Universe takes place Christopher Morley be required to furnish the "Mince Pie," "Plum Pudding" and "Shandygaff," Bernard Shaw the vegetables and G. B. Stern the dishes out of her "China Shop."

We might also suggest that Thomas Beer be served in Gertrude *Steins.* And that Floyd Dell be asked to kill the fatted "Moon-calf."

• • •

Ours has been the good fortune to read, in succession, D. H. Lawrence's "Sea and Sardinia" (*Seltzer*), "Explorers of the Dawn," by Mazo de la Roche (*Knopf*), Collected Poems of Edward Thomas (*Seltzer*) and "Maria Chapdelaine," by Louis Hemon (*Macmillan*), and we are thinking seriously of Heralding a Golden Age of literature, or something. Louis Hemon, we think, is the A. E. Housman of novelists, and Edward Thomas the English Robert Frost. As for D. H. Lawrence and the beautiful "Sea and Sardinia" and Mazo de la Roche and the joyous "Explorers of the Dawn," we'd like to say—but, gosh, "The Literary Mother Goose" has taken so much space that we'll have to say it some other time.

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TWO ACCOUNTS OF A STRANGE AFFAIR.

From "Memoirs of a Midget." By Walter de la Mare.

I (*the midget is speaking*) found myself for a moment alone. . . . Pollie had gone to the wood shed to fetch kindling, leaving the door ajar. The night air touched my cheek. Half beside myself with desire of I know not what, I sprang out from the doorstep into an inch or so of snow, and picking myself up ran off into the darkness under the huge sky.

It was bitterly cold. Frost had crusted the virgin surface of the snow. My light footsteps can hardly have shattered its upper crystals. I ran on and on into the ghostly world, into this stiff, marvelous, gloating scene. . . . A kind of stupor must have spread over my young mind. It seemed I was transported out of myself under the stars, in the mute presence of the Watchman of Heaven. I stood there lost in wonder in the gray, luminous gloom.

From The Sun (a month ago).

SLIGHTLY CLAD GIRL TAKES MORNING WALK

POLICEMAN SURPRISED BY A GHOSTLY FIGURE IN TRINITY PLACE

Patrolman Emil Zips of the Old Slip station, strolling along Trinity place early this morning, was twirling his nightstick and watching the sun rise, when around the corner came toward him the slim white figure of a girl. She was clad only in a single garment, and it very flimsy. Overcoming his first shock, the policeman was relieved when he saw she was nothing but a child, her tresses tumbling in curls over bare shoulders and tiny hands outstretched before her. . . .

• • •

Frequently when a character "falls into a deep reverie" we hope he breaks his neck.

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DID YOU KNOW THAT—

When finished the Oxford Dictionary, which was begun in 1879, will fill more than 15,000 pages?—*News Item.*

No. We never even suspected it.

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The most impossible of pests is the guy who insists on quoting an old maxim to prove the wisdom of what he has just said. We know such a person and one of these days we are going to buy a maxim silencer.

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The movies are having their effect on the publishing business. Just as the producer of an *extra super special motion picture de luxe* announces, in a foreword, that the production was directed by the well known ———, photographed by the noted ———, gowned by the famous ——— and super supervised by that wonder man of the profession, the celebrated ———, so it is being announced in each new Borzoi book that the volume was

Set up and printed by ———,
With paper furnished by ———,
And bound by ———.

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RELIGIOUS BOOK WEEK SLOGAN:

Him-books for he-men.

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"Find It in Books" is the new slogan of the publishers and we are asked to immortalize it in verse. We will, too, one of these days. It will be our *chef d'oeuvre* and twenty-five years from now you will——

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Find It in Books.

Balzac's Last Love—A New Chapter

EDITORIAL NOTE.—This article, which includes two hitherto unpublished poems, throws a new light on the early friendship of Honore de Balzac and the Comtesse de Hanska, "l'Etrangere," the Polish woman who exercised a peculiar domination over many years of his life, and who became Mme. Balzac a few months before the great novelist's death. The writer of this article, which comes to THE HERALD through Herman George Scheffauer, is a grandniece of Mme. de Hanska. A free translation of the second and shorter poem is: "How I love this portrait, despite its gloomy color! How lifelike it is! How it speaks to my heart! It is often said: 'Happiness is a shadow!' I, in my turn, say: 'A shadow is happiness.'" In the other poem Balzac's concluding idea is that if Eve had been a Polish woman she would have plucked the apple, but she would not have eaten it.

By the COUNTESS KLEINMICHEL.

MY grandmother had a sister, the Countess Erdine Hanska, nee Comtesse Rievuska, who had been married while she was still very young to Count Hansky, who was very much older than she and one of the richest land owners in the *gouvernement* of Kieff. He was the lord and owner of the famous palace of Verchhovnia, which was said to be of an incredible splendor. The Count was extremely jealous of his young wife, and so he had locked her up in this golden cage. Here she enjoyed every luxury which money could supply. But she was not permitted to see any one but her inferiors, female companions, chaplains, librarians, &c., and so she was eaten up with ennui.

At that time—or about the time of which I am speaking—Balzac was the fashionable author. My aunt, whose mind had been formed largely by reading—for this was her only distraction—devoured his works with an immense enthusiasm. She then conceived the idea of entering upon a correspondence with him. Her old husband made no objection to this literary diversion, for he regarded this coquetry of the spirit—I mean to say this purely cerebral love for an unknown whom his wife would surely never set eyes upon—as a kind of surety, a kind of safety valve against a less ideal passion which a more real human being might have been able to rouse in her breast. He made only one condition: that the letters of his wife should not be signed with her name and that Balzac should not know with whom he had to do.

Once a week a servant carried a letter addressed to Balzac to the post and brought back his reply, addressed *post restante* to Berditcheff and to a fictitious name. This correspondence went on for many years—I cannot say precisely how many. But I know that many of these letters were published in several novels of Balzac's, such as *Le Lys dans la Vallee* and *Ursule Mirouet.*

The years passed. The old Count fell grievously ill; he had several strokes of apoplexy, which deprived him of the use of his limbs. Trips were made to St. Petersburg in order to consult the medical authorities. They declared that the old man should go to an Austrian *bad* and take the waters. So the Countess Hanska took her poor paralytic of a husband to Vienna, taking with her also her little daughter of eight years.

One day she was seated on a bench in the famous park of Schoenbrunn, her husband in his invalid's wheel chair at her side. He had now completely lost the faculty of movement and even of speech, but his brilliant and piercing eye gave clear proof that thought was still alive and active in his brain. Suddenly the Countess heard a cry; it was the voice of her child. She rushed toward the spot from which this had come and saw that little Anna had fallen into the basin of the fountain while chasing her hoop. A pedestrian jumped into the water and fished out the child, trembling with cold and with fear. He brought her back to her mother and placed her in her arms—it was Balzac!

It was here that the romance began—the romance which from this moment on ceased to be merely a romance of the brain. It took place under eyes of the paralytic, to whom there remained nothing but the flashes of his brilliant eye with which to protest.

Balzac attached himself to the household and did not leave it. He accompanied the Count and the Countess to St. Petersburg, where they made a halt prior to returning to the Ukraine. Balzac tried to obtain an audience from the Emperor Nicholas, who, however, refused to receive him, and society, which was accustomed to gush over his works, refused to open its doors to him.

It was on this occasion that Balzac uttered those well known words: "I got the box o' the ears destined for Custine."

The Count de Custine had visited St. Petersburg the year before. He had been exceedingly well received by the court and by the society of the capital and had then returned to France, where he had published a book which was very unflattering to Russia.

"Enough of litterateurs of that kind!" said Nicholas I. "I do not want to see any more of them," and so all doors were closed to Balzac.

After leaving St. Petersburg the Hanskas, still accompanied by Balzac, went to the country, where my grandaunt soon buried her husband and married the idol of her life.

This union, however, did not last very long. The newly married couple went to Paris, where my grandaunt bought a mansion. A year after this Balzac died in this house. The street in which the house stands bears his name, as every visitor to Paris knows.

It was in that house, a temple erected to the memory of Honore de Balzac, that I saw my grandaunt frequently. She lived there with her only daughter and her son-in-law, the Count George Mniszek, one of the last descendants of the family of the Mniszeks, of which a daughter, the celebrated Marina, had married the "False Demetrius"—The Pretender to the Russian throne. George Mniszek and his brother Leon had been the owners of Vichnevitz, the estate upon which the marriage of Marina to the Pretender had taken place. I had been taken to this place during my childhood, and I well remember the golden coach in which the famous couple used to ride. Leon Mniszek's wife, nee Potocka, was the proprietress of Livadia, in the Crimea, a glorious property, which she sold to Alexander II. It was in this castle that Alexander III. died.

I remember, but none too perfectly, certain verses which Balzac in a mischievous moment had written to his wife and which were frequently recited in our family. As it is now more than fifty years since I last heard them, I am able to recall only certain fragments. So, if there are faults in the versification it is probable that they are due to me and not to Balzac:

LA POLONAISE.

Partir, et puis ne plus partir,
Beaucoup promettre et peu tenir,
A tous, amoreuse de la veille,
Cuvrir toujours un peu l'oreille,
Et la porte a tout venant.
Se rappeler qu'on est comtesse,
Et faire fi de la noblesse
Pour la roture du talent.
Plaisanter chimie et physique,
Nier grec et nier latin,
Traiter Rossini de bambin
Et n'admettre en fait de musique
Que la mazurka de Chopin.

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Quand Eve, notre veille mere,
Eut cette trop fameuse faim
Qui compromit le genre humain,
Au moins, cette femme legere
Suivit Adam dans sa misere.
C'est qu' Eve etait Polonaise,
Notre sort eut bien changé!
Que serait devenu l'homme?
Eve aurait cueilli la pomme,
Mais n'en aurait pas mangé.

But I also recall certain other verses of Balzac's, perfect verses which I have not forgotten. I well remember seeing my grandaunt—it was in the year 1857—lying upon a chaise-longue in her house, under a beautiful portrait by Banarelli, an Italian painter at the Court of Stanislaus August. It was the portrait of her father, the celebrated Vaslav Ridvusky, one of the three signatories of the treaty of Targovitza which ceded Poland to Russia—the handsome Ridvusky, as he was called in the memoirs of the times, and I saw at her side an old faded daguerreotype which represented him in all his manly beauty. It was the first gift which the Countess had made to Balzac—after Schoenbrunn. And I saw these words, written in Balzac's hand, on a faded piece of paper inside the cover:

Que j'aime ce portrait malgre sa couleur sombre!
Comme il est ressemblant! Comme il parle a mon coeur!
On a dit bien souvent: "Le bonheur est une ombre!"
Moi, je dis a montour: "Une ombre est du bonheur!"